

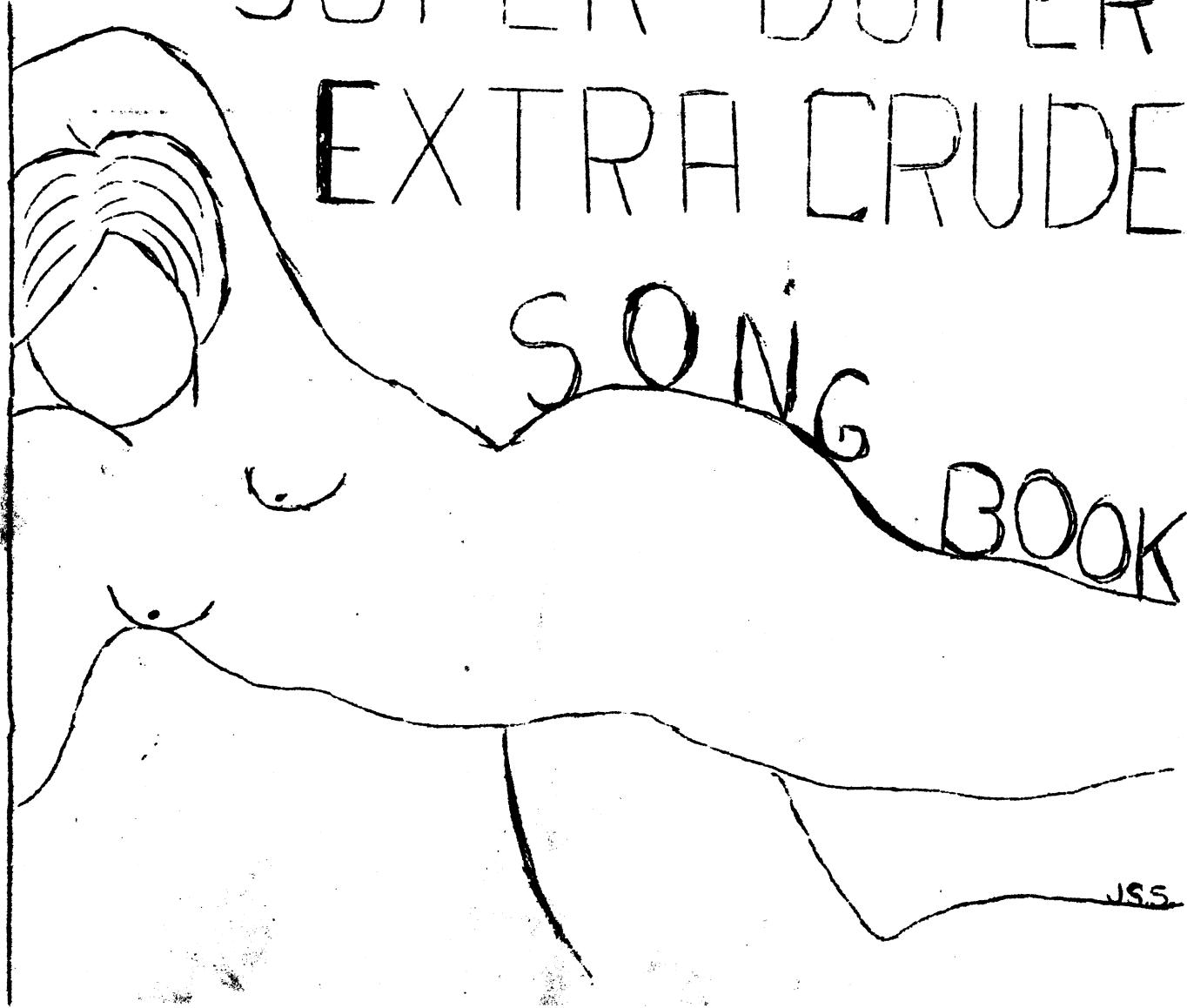
THE ONE

THE ONLY

Baker House

SUPER-DUPER  
EXTRA CRUDE

SONG BOOK



(1)

## BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

CHORUS

Singing a bell bottom trousers, coats of Navy blue,  
Let him climb the rigging like his daddy used to do.

Now once there was a waitress in the Prince George Hotel,  
Her mistress was a lady, and her master was a swell.  
They knew she was a simple girl, and lately from the farm,  
So they watched her carefully, to keep her from all harm.

CHORUS

The forty-second fusiliers came marching into town,  
And with 'em came a compliment of rapists of unknown.  
They busted every maidenhead that come within their spell,  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

CHORUS

Next came a company of the Prince of Wales Hussars,  
They piled into the whore houses and they packed along the bars,  
Many a maiden, mistress, and a wife before them fell,  
But they never made the waitress from the Prince George Hotel.

CHORUS

One day there came a sailor, an ordinary bloke,  
A bulging at the trousers with a heart of solid oak,  
At sea without a woman for sever years or more,  
There wasn't any need to ask what he was looking for.

CHORUS

He asked her for a candlestick to light his way to bed,  
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head,  
And speaking very gently, just as if he meant no harm,  
He asked her if she'd come to bed, just so's to keep him warm.

CHORUS

She lifted up the blanket, and a moment there did lie,  
He was on her, he was in her, in the twinkling of an eye.  
He was out again, and in again, and flowing up a storm.  
But the only word she spoke to him: I hope you're keeping warm.

CHORUS

Then early in the morning, the sailor he arose,  
Saying: Here's a two pound note, my dear, for the damage I have caused.  
If you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,  
And if you have a son, send the bastard out to sea.

CHORUS

And now she sits aside the dock, a baby on her knee,  
Awaiting for the sailing ships, a comin' home from sea.  
Waiting for the jolly tars in Navy uniforms,  
And all she wants to do, my boys, is keep the Navy warm.

CHORUS

SEVEN OLD LADIES

CHORUS

Oh dear, what can the matter be  
Seven old ladies locked in the lavatory  
They were there from Monday to Saturday  
Nobody knew they were there.

(MORE TO COME)

The first old lady was Elizabeth Porter  
She was the deacon of Dorechester's daughter  
She went to relieve a slight pressure of water  
Nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The second old lady was Abigail Splatter  
She went there 'cause something was surely the maggots  
When she got there it was only her bladder  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The third old lady was Ameba Garpickle  
Her urge was sincere--her reaction was fickle  
She hurdled the door; she'd forgotten her nickle  
And nobody knew shem was there.

CHORUS

The fourth old lady was Hildegard Foglo  
Was relieved when the swelling was only a boil  
She hadn't been living according to Hoyle  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The fifth old lady was Emily Grancy  
She went there 'cause something tickled her fancy  
When she got there, it was ants in her pantey  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The sixth old lady was extremely fertile  
Her name was O'Conner, the boys called her Myrtle  
She went there to repair a hole in her girdle  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The seventh old lady was Agatha Bender  
She went there to repair a broken suspender  
It snapped up and ruined her feminine gender  
And nobody knew she was there.

CHORUS

The janitor came in the early morning  
He opened the door in the early morning  
And seven old ladies their seats were adorning  
And nobody knew they were there.

CHORUS

OH, LITTLE HOUSE ON BEACON STREET

Oh, little house on Beacon Street  
How bright they red light shown--  
There was but one cop on the street,  
And he was bribery prone.

Oh little town of  
Bethlehem

But then the Vice Squad stepped in  
And closed your familiar doors.  
The joys and fears of many men  
Went with your well-trained whores.

CHRISTMAS DAY  
(tune: frere Jacques)

Christmas Day, Christmas Day,  
Save your tree, save your tree,  
Shove it up the chimney, shove it up the chimney,  
Goose Saint Nick, goose Saint Nick.

THE MONEY ROLLS IN  
(tune: My Bonnie lies over the Ocean)

My brother makes booze in the bathtub  
My sister makes synthetic gin  
My sister makes love on the side,  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS: Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in.  
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in.

My mother's a boarding house keeper  
Each night as the lights grow dim  
She hangs a red light in the window  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

My brother's a great missionary  
He saves ~~some~~ girls from sin  
For five bucks he'll save you a nice one  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS

CATS ON THE ROOFTOP

(tune: John Peel)

There were cats on the rooftops,  
Cats on the tiles, cats with the syphilis,  
Cats with the piles,  
Cats with their assholes wreathed in smiles,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

Now the hippopotamus, so it seems  
Hovers, pavers, his wet dreams,  
But when it comes, it comes in streams,  
Reveling in the joys of fornication.

Oh, you woke up in the morning with an  
upright stand,  
It's urinary pressure of the prostrate gland,  
And you haven't got a woman, so you jerk it  
off by hand,  
Reveling in the joys of masturbation.

GOD BLESS FREE ENTERPRISE  
(Tune: God Bless America)

God bless free enterprise, system divine  
Stand beside her  
And guide her  
Just so long as the profits are fine.  
Good old Wall Street, may she flourish,  
Corporations, may they grow.  
God bless free enterprise, the status quo.  
God bless free enterprise, the status quo.

CAPITALIST WAR SONG

Come all ye Union haters  
Red and Labor baiters  
Fight, Fight, Fight for Capital

Have the bloody sabre  
Crush the rights of labor  
Fight, fight, fight for Capital

Damn, Damn, Damn, Damn  
Damn the stupid masses  
Fight, fight, fight, fight  
For the upper classes.

(Repeat first verse)

THE GOOD SHIP VENUS

CHORUS:  
 Aboard the good ship Venus  
 You really should have seen us  
 With a figurehead of a whore in bed  
 And a mast of a phallic genue.

The captain of the lugger  
 Was known as a filthy bugger  
 Declared unfit to shovel shit  
 From one ship to another

CHORUS  
 The cabin boy's name was Chipper  
 A randy little nipper  
 He made a pass with a broken glass  
 And circumcised the skipper.

CHORUS  
 The first mate's name was Morgan  
 Boy God he was a Morgan  
 From half past eight he'd play tell late  
 Upon the captain's organ

CHORUS  
 The captain's wife was Charlotte  
 Born and bred a harlot  
 Her thighs at night were lily white  
 By morning they were scarlet.

CHORUS  
 The captain's daughter Mabel  
 Though young was freash and able  
 To fornicate with the second mate  
 Upon the chartroom table.

CHORUS  
 The captain's youngest daughter  
 Was washed into the water  
 Her plaintive squeale announced that eels  
 Had found her sexual quarter

CHORUS  
 The ship dog's name was Rover  
 We turned the poor thing over  
 And ground and ground that faithful hound  
 From Tenerief to Dover.

CHORUS  
 And when we reached our station,  
 Through skilful navigation  
 The ship got sunk in a wave of gunk  
 From too much fornication.

CHORUS  
 THE SWISS NAVY (TUNE: The Old Grey Mare)  
 We don't have to march in the infantry, ride in the cavalry,  
 Shoot in the artillery,  
 We don't have to fly over Germany We're in the Swiss Navy.  
 We're in the Swiss Navy, we're in the Swiss Navy.  
 Oh, we don't have to march in the infantry, etc. (repeat verse)

We can drink champagne with the best of them,  
 Gin with the worst of them, beer with the rest of them.  
 We are the empire's big hairy chested men,  
 We're in the Swiss Navy  
 We're in the Swiss Navy, we're in the Swiss Navy.  
 Oh, we can drink champagne with the best of them, etc. (Repeat verse)

10  
LADY GODIVA

Godiva was a lady who through Coventry did ride,  
To show the royal villagers her fine and pure white hide,  
The most observant man of all, an engineer of course,  
Was the only man who noticed that Godiva rode a horse.

CHORUS: We are, we are, we are, we are, we are the engineers,  
We can, we can, we can, we can demolish forty beers,  
Drink rum, drink rum, drink rum, drink rum and come along with us,  
For we don't give a damn for any damn man who don't give a damn for us.

She said, "I've come a long, long way and I will go as far  
With the man who takes from me this horse and leads me to a bar  
~~Whooosh! he's off like a bullet from a gun~~,  
Thank the man who took her from her steed and led her to a bar,  
Was a bleary eyed survivor and a drunken engineer.  
My father was a miner from the northern malamute,  
My mother was a mistress of a house of ill repute,  
~~Such a life it was, such a life it was, such a life it was,~~  
The last time that I saw them, these words rang in my ears,  
Go to MIT you son of a B\_\_\_\_ and join the engineers.

The Army and the Navy went out to have some fun,  
They went down to the taverns where fiery liquors run,  
But all they found were empties for the engineers had come,  
And traded all their instruments for gallon kegs of rum.

Sir Francis Drake and all his ships set out for Cazlais way,  
They heard that the Spanish rum fleet was headed out their way,  
~~And they thought it was a good idea to fight them~~, say:

Venus was a statue made entirely of stone,  
Without a stitch upon her, she was naked as a bone,  
On seeing that she had no clothes an engineer discoursed,  
Why the damn thing's only concrete and should be reinforced.

Princeton's run by Wellesley, Wellesley's run by Yale,  
Yale is run by Vassar; and Vassar's run by tail,  
Harvard's run by stiff pricks, the kind you raise by hand,  
But Tech is run by engineers, the finest in the land!!!!

If we should find a Harvard man within our sacred walls,  
We'll take him up to physics lab and amputate his balls,  
And if he hollars Uncle, I'll tell you what we'll do,  
We'll stuff his ass with broken glass and seal it up with glue.

MIT was MIT when Harvard was a pup,  
And Mit will be MIT when Harvard's busted up  
And any Harvard son of a bitch who thinks he's in our class,  
Can pucker up his rosy lips and kiss the beaver's ass.

A maiden and an engineer were sitting in the park,  
The engineer was working on some research after dark.  
His scientific method was a marvel to observe,  
While his right hand wrote the figures, his left hand traced the curves.

✓  
WHEN I CAME HOME

The first night I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be,  
 "Come here little wifey, explain yourself to me  
 Why is there a horse in the stable, where my horse ought to be"  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame old fool, can't you ever see,  
 It's only a milk cow my mother sent to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world, forty years or more  
 And I never saw a milk cow with a saddle on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a coat on the coat rack, where my coat ought to be.  
 "Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me  
 Why is there a coat hanging on the rack where my coat ought to be"  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you ever see  
 It's only a bed quilt my mother gave to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world forty years or more  
 And I never saw a bed quilt with pockets on before.

The next night, when I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a pair of pants on the table where my pants ought to be,  
~~my mother gave to me~~ "Come here little wifey, and explain yourself to me,  
 Why is there a pair of pants on the table where my pants ought to be."  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you ever see,  
 It's only a petticoat my mother gave to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world forty years or more  
 And I never saw a petticoat with suspenders on before.

The next night when I came home, drunk as I could be,  
 I saw a head lying on the bed, where my head ought to be,  
 "Come here, little wifey, explain yourself to me  
 Why is that head on the pillow where my head ought to be"  
 "Why you durn fool, you blame fool, can't you ever see,  
 It's only a cabbage head my mother gave to me."  
 Now I've been living in this world forty years or more,  
 And I never saw a cabbage head with a moustache on before.

HERE'S TO GOOD OLD BEER

Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down,  
 Here's to good old beer, drink her down, drink her down,  
 Here's to good old beer, for it makes you feel so queer,  
 Here's to good old beer, drink her down, down, down.  
 CHORUS

Rolling home, dead drunk, rolling home dead drunk,  
 By the light of the silvery mo-o-n,  
 Happy as the day when the students get away,  
 As we go rolling, rolling home (dead drunk).

TO CONTINUE:

Here's to good old whiskey, it makes you feel so frinsky....  
 Here's to good old sherry, for it keeps you bright and merry,...  
 Here's to sparkling ale, for it keeps you bright and hale,...  
 Here's to good old rum, for it'll turn you to a bum....  
 Here's to good hard cider, it will make you warn insider.....  
 Here's to good old port, it gives you lots of sport.....  
 Here's to good vermouth, for it makes you so uncouth.....

✓ FOGGY FOGGY DEW

When I was a bachelor, I lived all alone  
 I worked at the weaver's trade;  
 And the only, only thing that I did that was wrong  
 Was to woo a fair young maid.  
 I wooed in the wintertime, and in the summer, too,  
 And the the only thing that I did that was wrong,  
 Was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she knelt close by my side  
 When I was fast asleep  
 She threw her arms around my neck and then began to weep,  
 She wept, she cried, she tore her hair,  
 Alas, what could I do.  
 So all night long, I held her in my arms,  
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Again I'm a bachelor, I live with my son,  
 We work at the weaver's trade;  
 And every single time I look into his eyes  
 He reminds me of the winter time,  
 And of the summer too,  
 And of the many, many times, that I held her in my arms  
 Just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

— LAY YOUR GIRLS ON BOUGHS OF HOLLY

Lay your girls on boughs of holly,  
 Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.  
 That's a reason to be jolly,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Been so long I can't remember,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Think I had it last December,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.

Choose you now, you lads, your lassie,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Don't get pigs, be sure they're classy,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Shed you now your gay apparel,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Have you tried it in a barrel,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.

And when you have had your evening,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Her apartment let's be leaving,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Don you now your gay apparel,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.  
 Now we've made our Christmas Carol,  
 Fa, la, la, etc.

THE WOODPECKER'S HOLE

I stuck my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Take it out...take it out...take it out...re--move it.

I removed my finger from the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul;  
Put it back...put it back...put it back...re--plame it.

I replaced my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul;  
Turn around...turn around...turn around...re--volve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, God damn your soul;  
Wrong way...wrong way...wrong way...re--verse it.

I reversed my finger in the woodpecker's hole,  
And the woodpecker said, "God damn your soul;"  
Take it out...take it out...take it out...re--move it.

(An unusually fussy woodpecker, eh what)

MIT Songbooks  
ca 1957-60  
Copied for Joel  
Shinberg's  
original by  
Joe Hiderson

6.

### THE MONEY ROLLS IN.

My brother makes ooze in the bathtub,  
My wife's making synthetic gin,  
My sister makes love on the sofa,  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

Rolls in! rolls in!, My God how the money rolls in  
Rolls in! rolls in!, My God how the money rolls in

My mother's a boarding house keeper,  
Seen light as the lights grow dim,  
She hangs a red light in the window,  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

My brother's a great missionary,  
He saves young girls from sin,  
For five bucks he'll save you a nice one  
My God how the money rolls in.

CHORUS:

### THE SWEETHEART OF SIX OTHER GUYS

The girl of my dreams has died her hair  
A brilliant shade of red  
She drinks, she smokes, she tells dirty jokes,  
She hasn't a brain in her head,  
She thinks that liquor makes the world go round  
She drinks more than you or I  
The girl of my dreams ain't as dumb as she seems,  
She's the sweetheart of six other guys.

### ON TOP OF OLD SOPHIE

On top of old Sophie,  
All covered with sweat  
I've used fourteen rubbers, And she hasn't come yet,  
For fuckins a pleasure, and fartin's a relief,  
But a long winded lover, Will bring nothin' but grief,  
She'll kiss you an hug you, And say it won't be long,  
But two hours later, She's still going strong  
So come all you young lovers, And listen to me,  
Don't waste your erection on a long winded sho,  
For your root will just wither, And your passion will die,  
And she will forsake you, And you'll never know why.

### THE AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder-----C. SH

### ANCHORS AWAY